

ARLING BABY BRIGHTENS HOME

Children's Laughter a Pleasing Sound



Altoona, Pa.—"I am writing to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. We had six children die almost at birth. From one hour to nine months they all have lived. Before my next one was born I took a dozen bottles of your Vegetable Compound, and I can say that it is the greatest medicine on earth for this baby is now nine months old, and a healthier baby you would not want. I am sending you a picture of her. Everybody says 'That is a very healthy looking baby.' You have my consent to show these few lines to anybody."—Mrs. C. W. Bland, 131 3rd Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

Mrs. Janssen's experience of interest to childless wives.

Millston, Wis.—"I want to give you a word of praise for your wonderful medicine. We are fond of children, and for a considerable time after we were married I feared I would not have any. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it strengthened me so I now have a nice, strong, healthy baby girl. I suffered very little at childbirth, and I give all the credit to your medicine, and shall always recommend it highly."—Mrs. H. B. Janssen, Millston, Wis.

Mrs. Held of Marinette, Wis., adds her testimonial for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She says:

Marinette, Wis.—"I was in a nervous condition and very irregular. My doctor advised an operation. My husband brought me one of your booklets and asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It overcame my weakness so that I now have a healthy baby girl after having been married nine years. I am glad to recommend your medicine, and you may use my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. H. B. Held, 330 Jefferson St., Marinette, Wis.

There are many, many such homes that were once childless, and are now blessed with healthy, happy children because Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored the mother to a strong and healthy condition, as it acts as a natural restorative for ailments as indicated by backache, irregularities, displacements, weakness and nervousness.

Women everywhere should remember that most of the commoner ailments of women are not the surgical ones—they are not caused by serious displacements or growths, although the symptoms may be the same, and that is why so many apparently serious ailments readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it acts as a natural restorative. It can be taken with perfect safety and often prevents serious troubles.

Therefore if you know of any woman who is suffering and has been unable to secure relief and is regretfully looking forward to a childless age, send her to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it has brought health and happiness into so many homes once darkened by illness and despair.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent to you free upon request. Write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

Lemon Juice Now Powdered. One of the newest fruit products is powdered lemon juice. It is pure juice reduced to a perfectly soluble powder. The process is said to be an adaptation of the well-known spray method of reducing milk to powdered form.

MOTHER, QUICK! GIVE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP FOR CHILD'S BOWELS

Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of California Fig Syrup. If the little tongue is contented if you chide, fuss, scold, or threaten, full of cold, cough, croup, a teaspoonful will never fail to open the bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile and waste from the tender, little bowels and gives you a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep California Fig Syrup handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine California Fig Syrup, which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

Put His Feet In It. She-it seems strange that you did not remember my face, yet you remembered my name.

He (awkwardly)—Well, you know, you have an attractive sort of name.

Earning Her Title. "A Yates Center woman," says Dick Trueblood, "has to look after a sporting house, a gambling husband and a painted girl, and for that reason the neighbors refer to her as 'The Director of Sports.'"—Topeka Capital.

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The Mystery of the Silver Dagger

By RANDALL FARMISH

Author of "The Strange Case of Cavendish"

Illustrations by A. Weil

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"What other money?"

"That which is sent from across the water for the cause."

"Oh, I see; there is more coming then."

"Coming, yes; maybe some is here already."

"How much did you owe the bank, Wine?"

"Between eight and nine thousand; it is overdue three months; now I promise to pay it all up tomorrow."

"Oh, you did, hey! out of that stuff, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, I got it, you think?"

"Mein Gott, I have no more."

"Say," burst out Waldron suspiciously, "that's all right, but what bothers me is why this girl should hit you for it at just this particular time. Krantz must have sent her, but what made them think you had money now? It isn't very likely they were just taking a chance, is it? I believe that is all a d—n lie; they haven't got any more coming. Only I do think they imagined you might have some on hand."

"How they imagine that?"

"Search me, Wine; only I happen to know there is a d—n lot of it going on under the surface. It don't look good to me, they jumping you just at this time."

"What you mean? You have not spilled nothing?"

"Me!" he laughed roughly. "D—n it, I'm not the spilling kind. There's been plenty of fellows after the dope, let me tell you, but I've let 'em hunt. Say, I've had to laugh sometimes the way they've been fooled. You know that guy who called himself Horner?"

"Sure—a smart fellow."

"You bet he is; a d—n sight smarter than you think. He said Horner at all, if you ask me; his right name was Harris, as slick a crook as ever lived."

"Harris? a crook? What was it I saw in a paper? Wasn't he the same guy who was croaked last night?"

"You bet he was; that's what I'm telling you about; that's why I come up here to get this off my chest. He bluffed this fellow Horner coming over, blew in with all his papers, an' started negotiating with Krantz and Alva. He said Alva got awful thick."

"I know; what was the game?"

"To get that check into cash, of course. He hung around for that purpose for weeks, an' then missed out."

"An' you knew him, an' never said a word?"

"I knew him, first time I got eyes at the blazer; but what I got to me? I'm not in this business for a dime, Wine. I never gave a d—n who got hands on that stuff, so I had my grab at it. Harris an' I had it framed; that's why I was out there, waiting for a sign from him. But when you beat him to it, I'd say he was so good he was running mate as his."

"Hush! don't talk so loud! And how you say Harris is dead?"

"As a mackerel; he couldn't be no deader. But that was my house where he was croaked, an' so I got to get out o' town. The police ain't wise so far, but they might tumble if I hang around."

"That's why you come here?"

"Exactly; I've got to have some ring right away, and it's up to you to see that I'm needed. You know where the stuff is, and how to get it quick."

"I wouldn't dare use that money yet; I haven't even opened the bag."

"The d—n you wouldn't! You are going to cop off enough to pay that note tomorrow, ain't you? That's what you promised the girl. Well, I'm just as important as she is, I reckon, and I'm going to have my share, you bet, or else I'll make it hot for you—I'll say that."

"You haven't nothing but your own word."

"Ain't I! Say, Wine, don't be a fool; there are others beside us that's got a nose in this affair. There's a saloonkeeper down on Sixth avenue named Costigan, who's got all o' Harris' dope, an' he's going to keep on the trail. There's another fellow who's liable to raise h—l. I ain't got him exactly placed yet, but he's the guy that led up to Harris being killed. I'm the only one who knows that, an' I ain't talked before."

"Who is he—a detective?"

"Maybe; Harris called him Severn. They got the guy down into Costigan's and the three of us slugged him. They patched him up, and then looked into it a bit more, and he was in his place. The next morning they were going to give him the third degree. Then with him safe, Harris went after this girl, thinking she would be made to talk. I didn't want to trouble with Harris, nor Costigan either for the matter of that—they're both of 'em bad actors."

"Well, then, what happened?"

"That's mostly guess-work. They had this guy Severn locked in upstairs. He was unconscious when we dumped him there, and later, when my wife got this girl to come over—they were raised in the same town—Harris turned the key on her. They was aiming to bring them together the next morning, but somehow Severn must have woke up, an' got out o' the room, for the next thing I know'd he was fighting Harris out in the hall, an' after that I found the girl had slipped out during the fracas."

"They both got away?"

"Clean, leaving Harris behind with his skull busted; dealer than a door-nail when I got to them."

LENIN BETWEEN TWO FIRES

Dictator is Finding It Hard to Grant Freedom of Trade and Retain Communism.

Riga.—Newspapers in Moscow give some inkling of the struggle in Russia during the first two months of the attempt to restore somewhat like normal civilization along a line of Lenin's new policy to...

possibility of another Ice Age.

A succession of such winters as that of the Mt. Katmai volcano in Alaska in June, 1912, would plunge the earth into another Ice Age by reducing the sun's temperature to a low degree on earth. Dr. Robert E. Griggs said before the American Association for Advancement of Science.

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"And you don't know who this fellow is or what he is up to?"

"No, I don't. Wine, but he's sure got some game on, an' he's got my goat. He's in with the girl all right, and knows too d—n much. That's what makes me teary about her being here, pumpkin."

"She didn't pump me."

"You mean to say the two of you didn't talk about Alva?"

"We talked about him, of course; we couldn't help it, but she never hinted at nothing, and she didn't ask no questions. Only it seems they've found out one thing that ain't been reported by the police—she knew what he was killed with."

"What's that? She told you what she knew?"

"You bet she did; she had one of 'em herself, an' took it out of her hat, and put it right down here on the desk. I thought for a second I was going to keel over, but she didn't notice, just went on talking. How do you suppose she ever found that out?"

"Severn told her, that's how. It was dropped there in the dark. That fellow got it some way, and hid it in his valise. That was what made Harris so sure he was in on the job, because he raided the room at some hour and found the thing."

"You don't imagine the girl is playing us?"

"I don't imagine nothing, but I'm plain safe. I don't know what he's either of them are up to, but I figure they know too d—n much, an' ain't going to take any chances. I'm going to let them have it, and I'll rest. That's my idea, to skip out while there's some chance to get away. So pony up my share, Wine, an' then you can do whatever you darn please with what's comin' to you. What do you say?"

"I could hear the other tramping nervously back and forth across the room. His failure to answer must have angered the Russian, for, after a minute, he burst out with an oath:

"D—n it, why don't yet say something? Part of this hoodlum's mine, ain't it?"

"Yes—of course."

"Well, then, cough it up! Where did you plant the stuff?"

"It's put away in a safety vault."

Wine explained, his voice almost failing from the effort. "Honest, Waldron, I can't get it tonight, it's too late. The bank is locked, and I haven't opened it."

"You're a liar! You never dared to lug the thing around! You wouldn't be seen with it in your hand in daylight. I know you, you sneaking cur. You brought the stuff straight to this office that night, and, by God, I believe it is here yet. What do you want me to do—kill you, and then hunt? That's what I want to happen, unless you come across, too. I'll shake the gizzard out of you, you little sneak, if you try any trick on me."

He must have gripped the other, for there was a struggle, Wine whimpering as though half choked.

"Speak up, you cur! This thing divides fifty-fifty. Where is it now?"

"That's behind those books! H—l, I wouldn't believe you under oath. Go get it out from there; let's have a look at the stuff."

He must have flung the other clear across the room, for he came down sprawling, his body striking against the door of the closet, behind which he crouched. The catch broke under the impact, and, before I could draw back, I was in full view of both men.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Death of a Murderer.

Wine, outstretched on the floor at my very feet, stared up at me, so startled by my sudden appearance as to be speechless. Waldron, oblivious of all else but the money, now almost in his possession, was on his knees before a bookcase, dragging out the heavy volumes from the lower shelves, dumping them on the floor. From behind these he had already drawn forth into view a black leather valise, when Wine found voice, uttering a strange cry of terror, which caused him to glance about. He leaped to his feet instantly, his eyes gleaming, one hand flung back as though in search of a weapon. I gave him no time. I leaped straight at him, striking so hard even as we grappled that the blow sent him reeling back against the bookcase. He

was not directly in the way. As it was, he struck the other, the force of his big body hurling the smaller man heavily against the ledge of the outer window. As the fellow struck, the glass shattered and crashed into a thousand pieces, but before Waldron could regain firm footing, or realize what had happened, I was again upon him, breaking through his dazed guard and driving my fists straight into his face.

The revolver in Wine's hand was discharged, the bullet whistling past me, but even as the report cracked, the pressure of the Jew's body forced the smaller man relentlessly backward over the sill. He gave utterance to one wild yell of fright, releasing the gun and gripping desperately at Waldron's collar for support, then toppled over backward and went down.

We both heard the crash as the splinters of glass gave way, and the fall, dead end of the body as it struck somewhere far below. The Russian seemed paralyzed with terror, unable to quite comprehend what had occurred behind him. But I had seen the tragedy, and my mind worked like a flash. He made one weak effort to spring aside, forgetful of his own danger, his guard dropped, and I let him have it straight in the jaw. The clenched fist crunched into his whiskers, and, with arms flung up, he went over as if shot, his head striking an edge of the overturned bookcase as he fell, and lay there motionless, a trickle of blood slowly oozing out upon the floor.

I stepped back and glanced out through the broken window; three stories below, on a gravelled roof, lay something black, huddled up grotesquely, which I knew was a human body, crushed helpless, its bones broken. I drew back from the gruesome sight, so sickened I reeled dizzily, clutching the sill for support. As I clung there, uncertain, dazed, my mind for the moment a blank, some one began rattling and pounding against the door leading into the corridor.

I crossed the room, my limbs trembling so I could scarcely walk, my breath coming in gasps. They were kicking against the wood and pounding with fists, seeking to break in the lock. The slight sobred me, brought back my self-control and I threw the door open and faced them almost coolly. There were four policemen, the first a gray-mustached sergeant, revolver in hand, and behind him a jam of excited individuals of both sexes, peering over shoulders to gain view within. The sergeant gripped me by the collar. "Now, you; what's up here? Have you killed somebody?"

"No," I answered, making no effort to break away, still breathing hard, but able to express myself clearly. "There is a man dead, but he fell from a window. I have nothing to conceal, sergeant. My name is Severn, and I am connected with the United States consular service. Give me a chance and I'll hand you my card."

He must have been impressed by the way I acted and spoke, for he released my grasp and accepted the card. I fished out of a vest pocket, holding it up to the light in order to read the script.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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